

Mr. W. Winston
High Branch Manor,
872 Kingsport Rd,
Aylesbury,
Massachusetts

Mr. D. Henslowe
23 Old Hope Road,
Savannah,
Georgia

January 11th, 1925

Dearest Walter,

I am so glad to see in the paper that you made it back safely. I got back to Savannah almost immediately. I'll cut straight to the chase my old friend, I need some corroborating evidence from you to set me back on the right track. To help me feel like I'm not losing my mind.

Things haven't been going that well for me of late and I keep thinking about last summer. It has been playing on my mind and often I wake in a cold sweat. I have tried to piece things together, but the memories seem sketchy. I find myself desperate to articulate what I can remember. The things that we saw. That we heard. That we did.

Please write back with your account of what happened. I think it would help set me at ease. Help me let the memories go.

Your Friend,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

June 16th, 1926

Dear Walter,

I received word that you have left Massachusetts. Perhaps that explains why you have not replied to my letter of last January. You can see that my own address has changed, too, and not of my choosing.

I apologize for writing again, I left it for as long as I was able before requesting your help once again. I understand your reluctance about being drawn into this business once again and that it not what I am asking for.

What I need is someone to back my story up to prove that the things I saw were indeed true and not some figment of my sub-conscious. That is what my Doctors are saying. Don't worry I haven't told them where any of this was and I won't.

You don't even have to put your name to it if you don't want to, but I could really use your help.

Your Friend,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

July 6th, 1927

Dear Walter,

Tell me that you are real. Tell me that they were real. Tell me that they did not die for nothing. Tell me that they did not die. Tell me they did not get away with it. Tell me anything. Please, just tell the truth for God's sake!

For I am truly going mad now. I can feel it in what is left of my mind.

Your Friend,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

February 19th, 1929

Dear Walter,

I'm not certain why I'm writing you. I no longer expect any sort of reply. Perhaps there is no one else I can turn to for reassurance. Perhaps I think you, too, may crave forgiveness. I know that it would make me sleep a little easier if I could hear from you, and so I think perhaps you will sleep easier if you hear from me.

Five years hasn't dulled the pain. I run through the events in my mind. If they'd followed me out of there, they'd still be alive. Why didn't I make them? Why didn't they just follow me? Is there more I could have done? If we were doing the work of the Almighty, why did our friends have to die? These questions leave me drained to my very soul. They won't listen, their answers seem to come from a bottle of pills.

Are you ignoring me, Walter? Or is this your way of trying to help me? Your silence echoes. I think you're trying to tell me something.

Yours sincerely,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

May 27th, 1930

Walter,

I understand your reluctance to get involved but I have run out of options. If you'd just send word telling your version of events perhaps the doctors would believe you and me.

If not my only other recourse is to take their pills and pretend like all this is a fantasy. That is what they want to hear naturally. I'm sure that they will be pleased that I have given up insisting that my 'story' is the truth.

If only you could see to helping me out on that score, for old time's sake. I'm begging you...

Yours,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
23 Old Hope Road,
Savannah,
Georgia.

October 13th, 1930

Dearest Walter,

Things are better here now. I have managed to clear my troubled mind, at least in my waking hours. The dreams still haunt me, but in a quiet way. The trees swaying in the breeze, chatter of the birds in their low hanging branches flitting between the moss and the constant drone and thrum of fat-bodied insects brings me a sort of calm that I have not felt in some time.

I hope you too are able to find some peace. I think I finally understand why you have never written back. Some things are better left alone, even if, like the frayed cuff of a jacket, you feel compelled to worry at loose threads.

I think maybe I'm free of that day at last.

I will not write to you again. I love you.

Yours eternally,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

July 26th, 1931

THEY FOUND US, WATER. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT THEY FOUND
US. GUARD YOUR DOORS. GUARD YOUR DAUGHTER. GUARD YOUR
LIFE. THEY HAVE DESTROYED ME. AND NOW THE FOOLS HAVE
LOCKED ME IN WITH A GUN.

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street
Savannah,
Georgia.

May 25th, 1933

Dear Walter,

I find myself drawn once again to reach out to you my old friend, perhaps at last to close a chapter of our story together. The doctors told me that I had to move on and look to the future and begin to set aside thoughts of the past.

August 1924 is something I will never forget, it is etched on my memories like the carved names driven deep onto the headstones of my distant family. I am truly sorry I haven't left you in peace all these years, a part of me still wanted you to support me to prove I wasn't mad.

I have come to terms with it now my old friend, I won't write again. I wish you all the best in your life and hope you have found some degree of happiness.

Your friend,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street
Savannah,
Georgia.

January 9th, 1934

Dear Walter,

I remember in my last missive I had said I would not write to you again, yet once again I feel compelled to write. I felt there was something you should know.

I have made a book, a journal of sorts. It contains everything I remember and completing it just last week I have hidden it away. It felt good to get things off my chest and commit them to paper

You only have to ask if you would like to know where it is, I will tell you as I trust you more than I trust myself!

Yours Sincerely,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

March 13th, 1934

Walter,

It's been so long now, I know. But I don't think that I'll be ever able to escape what happened. If you could just write with you side of the story, even if it is just to say that I am indeed insane. Please my old friend I really need you to write back to me now more than ever. I know that you must remember the connection we shared. That you still care for me. If that is true, then I beg you send any word.

I await your letter,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

July 14th, 1934

Walter,

Why won't you write to me my old friend, all these long years I have reached out to you for your help and still there is nothing but silence. I am starting to believe that I have made the whole thing up and that is why you don't write to me.

It wasn't real? Perhaps it wasn't real. They tell me that it wasn't real, it was all in my head. I've come to believe the lie, they say, as I told myself the story over and over in my waking hours and in my dreams. Am I believing their lie or my own?

If it wasn't real then I am sorry I have frightened you with these letters. Please let me know we are at least at peace.

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston
720 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York

Mr. D. Henslowe
513 West Henry Street,
Savannah,
Georgia.

August 13th, 1934

Walter,

Do you even remember what happened anymore? That August of 1934. I can never forget. The walls are whispering to me. I can't ignore them any more. Did they die for nothing? I need to hear from you, just a note or a telegram even. Please Walter I'm begging you. I wonder if you've even opened my letters after all this time.

Douglas